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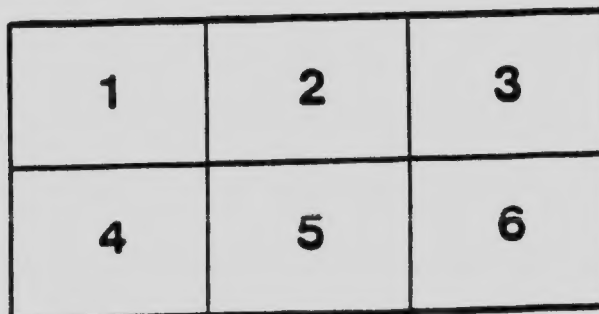
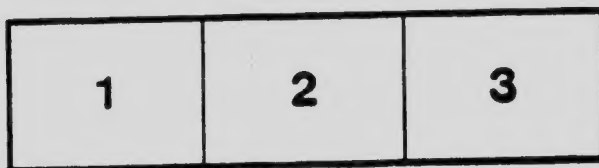
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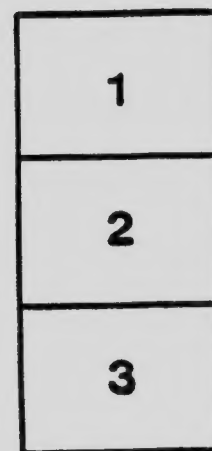
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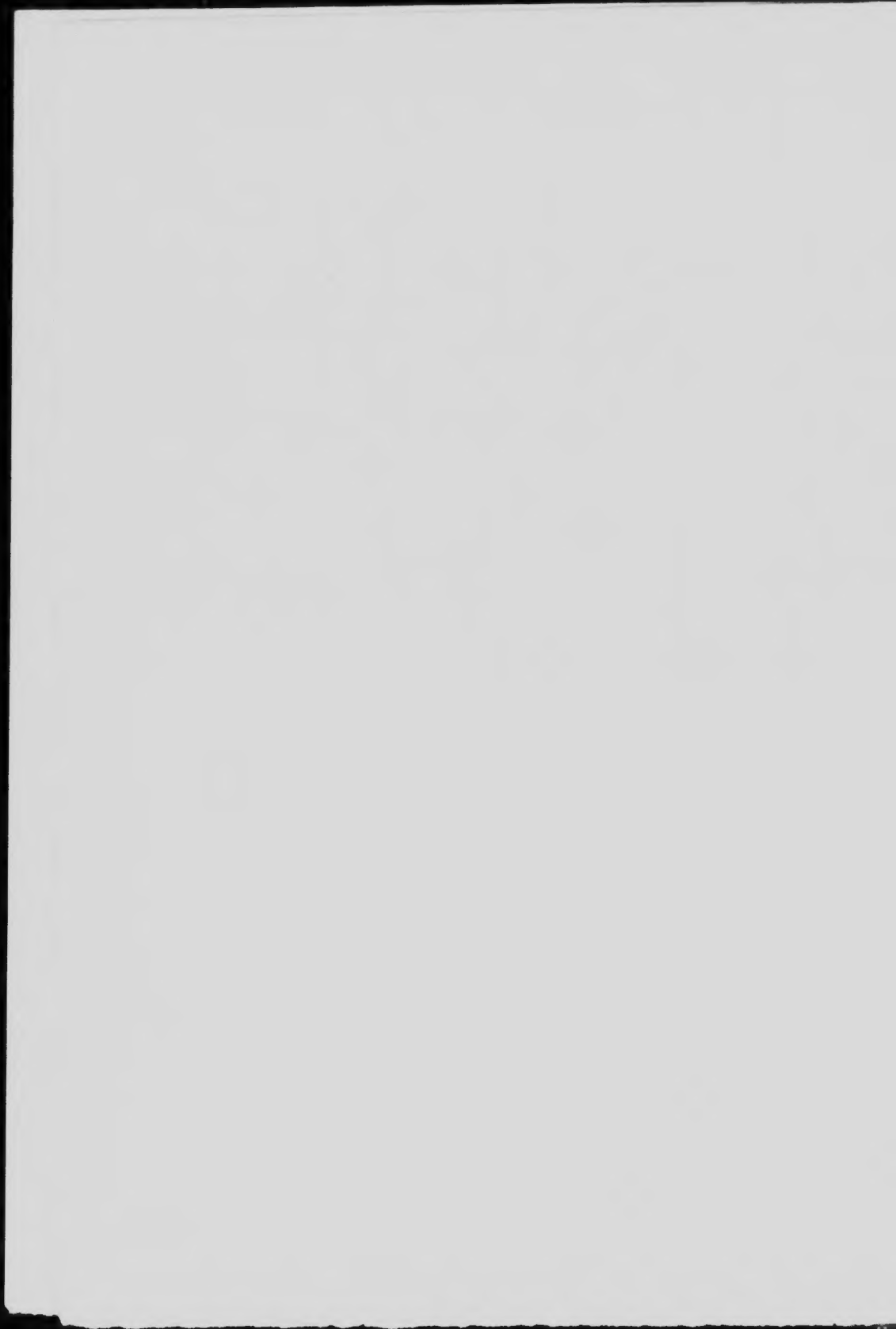
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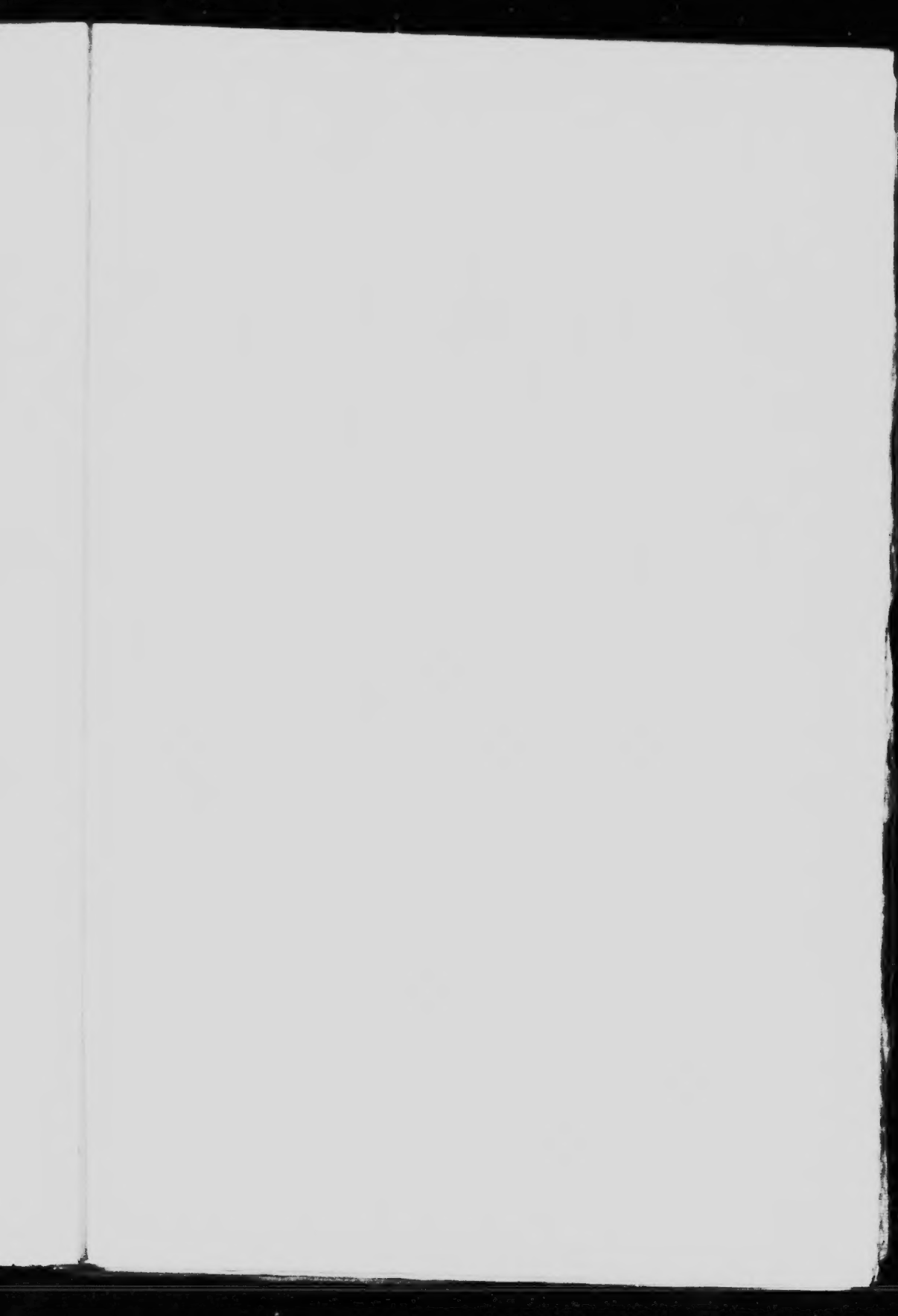
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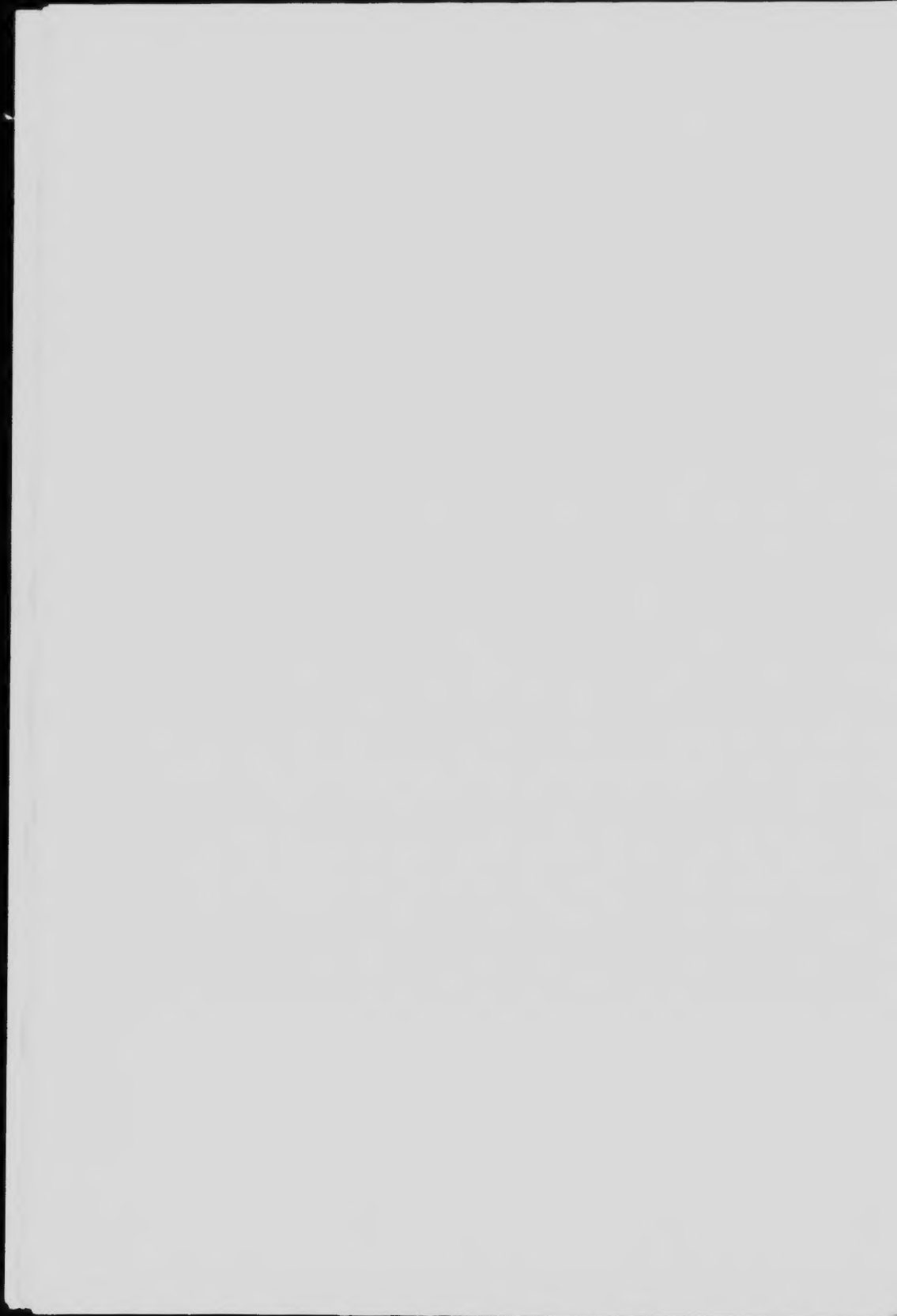
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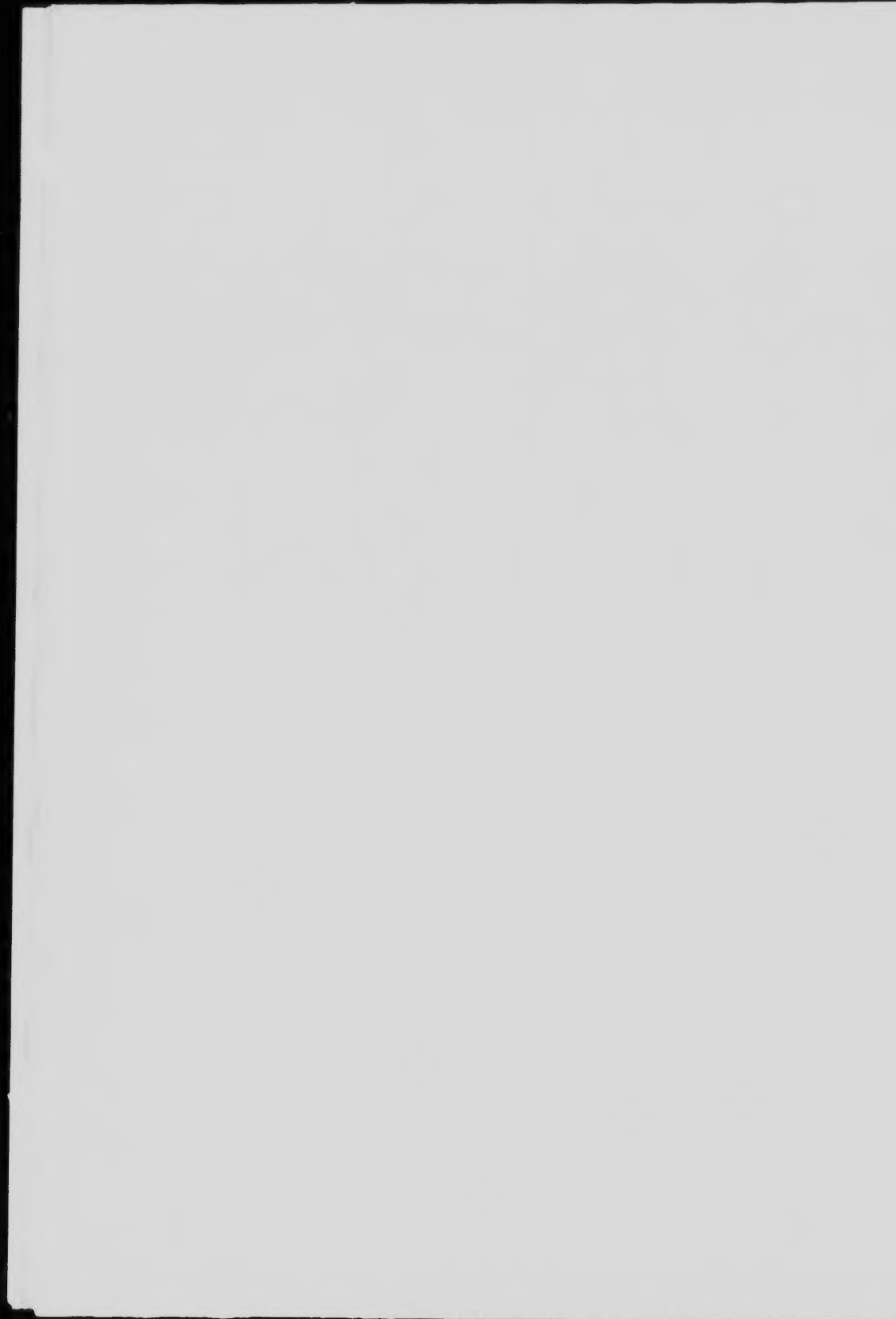




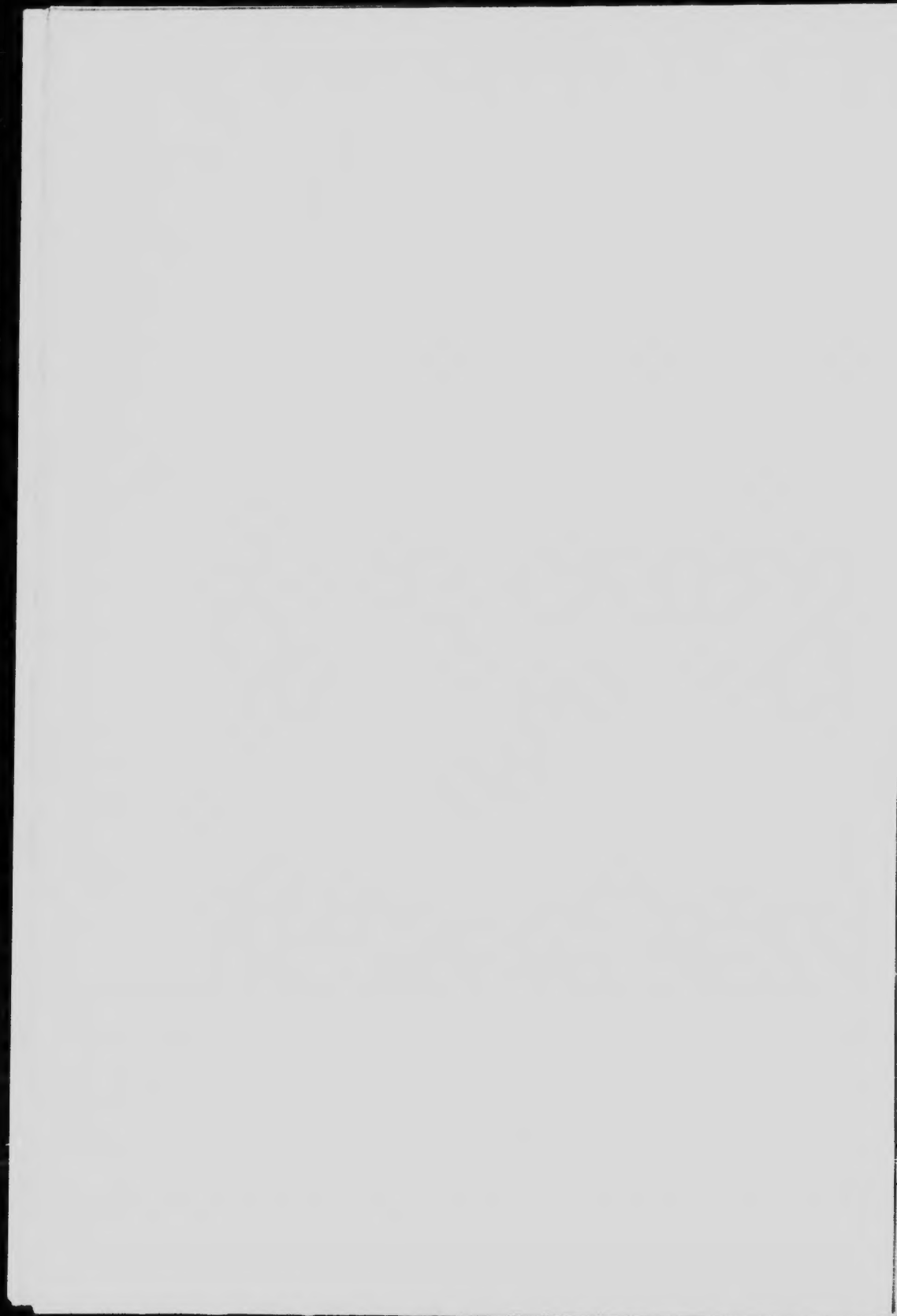








Songs of Frank Lawson





*Yours Truly
Frank Lawson*



**Songs
of
Frank
Lamson**

**Toronto
William Briggs
1912**

P

A

Copyright, Canada, 1912, by
RAY LAWSON

TO

My Family and My Friends

Not in the hope of fame, but trusting
that some who care may treasure
this volume as a souvenir
of one who loved
them.



Sketch of Author's Life

FRANCIS EDGAR LAWSON was born in the city of Toronto on the 5th day of October, 1861. His father, Thomas Lawson, was the proprietor of The Golden Elephant, a large clothing store on King Street.

The family moved to Wellington Square and commenced farming when he was three years of age. A few years later they came to a farm in Westminster Township, near London, in the vicinity of which he was to spend the rest of his life. Here, in the country school, he received his early education. In 1872 his father died. The family then moved to the city of London, and in 1879 he became a reporter on the *London Advertiser*.

At the age of twenty, with Henry J. Jones, he founded the firm of Lawson & Jones. They purchased the printing business of Rev. J. F. Latimer, publisher of *The Family Circle*. In a few years they sold this paper in order that they might give all their energy to the printing and

Sketch of Author's Life

lithographing business they were steadily building up. Frank Lawson continued as the senior member of the firm until his death on October 31st, 1911, at Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore.

Frank Lawson was a friend to be desired. Through his school days, and during his business life, he ever brought with him sunshine and helpfulness.

Naturally of a literary turn of mind, he was found in every society having letters for its object. He took his full share in all sacrifices necessary to make each a success.

He was particularly devoted to Canadian poetry. Many of Canada's song writers were his personal friends.

With his intimate friends he often spoke of his most cherished ambition: he hoped that some day, when he could retire from business without inconvenience to those associated with him, he might have leisure to devote himself entirely to literary work. He had no greed for gold or fame, but a healthy ambition to do something worthy in Canadian literature, and had his life been spared he would have realized his fondest hopes.

Sketch of Author's Life

As a man well known in business throughout the Dominion, he will be missed; as an employer, having the interests of each individual associated with him at heart, he will be missed; as a citizen, who took a deep interest in all that pertained to a higher and nobler national life, he will be missed; as a friend of those who knew his heart and shared his confidences on the problems of life, he can never be replaced; as a husband and father in the home to which he subordinated all other things, his loss is overwhelming.

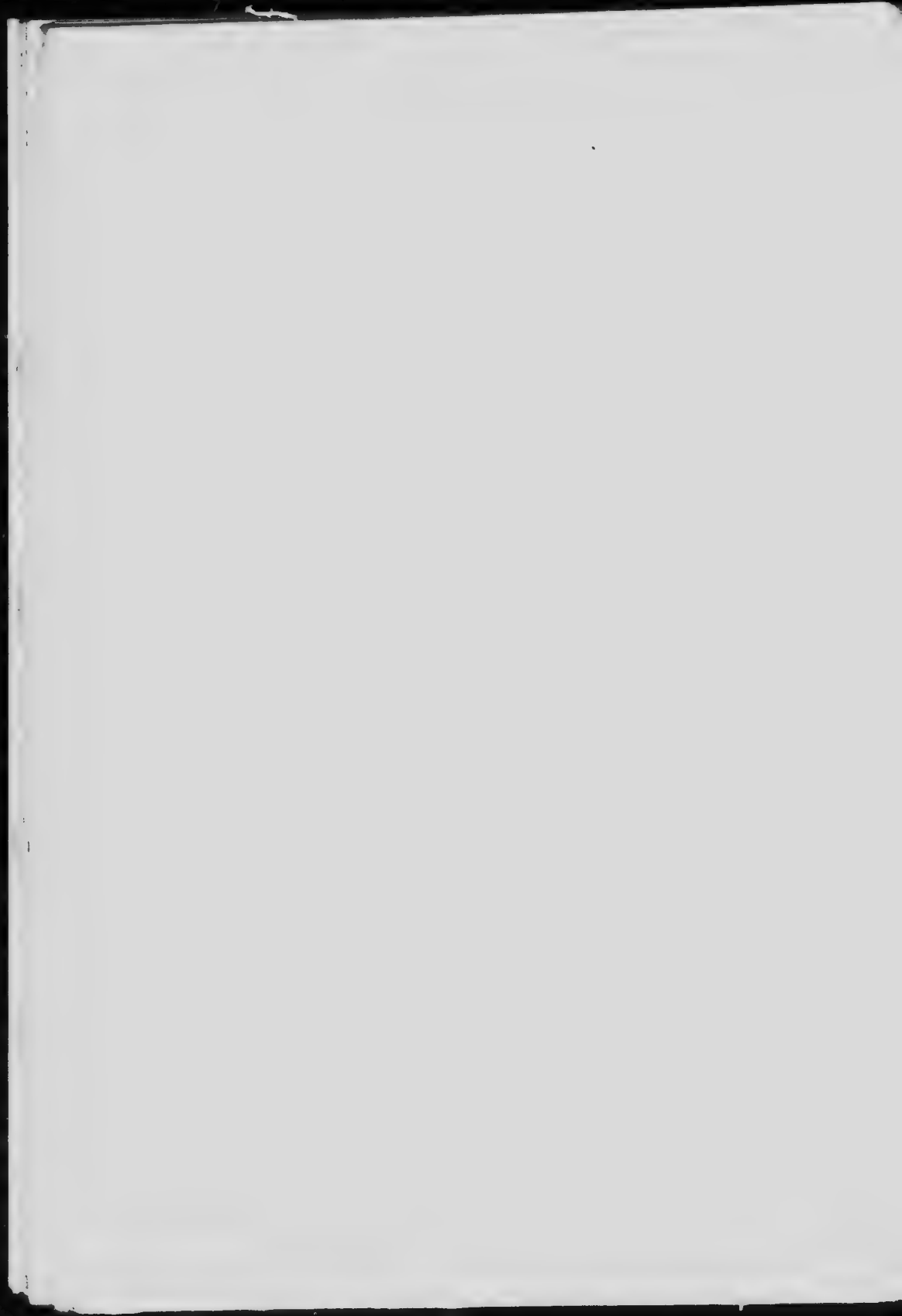
His friends will be glad to know that consent has been given to publish this volume containing some of his poems. So we may still continue to have communion with him, and listen to his voice again in the thoughts of his heart which he has embalmed in his verse.

In grateful remembrance,

C. R. SOMERVILLE.

February 27th, 1912.

*With no loud sounding note or strong,
Without a weak desire for praise;
Just as a child whose heart may long
To join the chorus of a song
My feeble voice I raise:
But if among these lines there be
A thought that may some care beguile—
Or concept that may draw to me
A soul that feels affinity,
My task is worth the while.*



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Songs of Frank Lawson



Unity

THERE'S a friendship—there's a kinship—there's
a something more than blood

In the unison of spirits that have met and under-
stood.

There's a mystery of manhood in the fellowships
that prove

The completeness of communion in maturity of
love.

There's a life the flesh may know not, that the
spirit impregnates,

Which the whole creation, groaning while it
travailleth, awaits:

Infant hands are ever stretching toward the
infinite to be,

Where Creator and created shall be one eternally.

A Heart Cry

I LONG for love,—a perfect love,
That deathless, limitless might prove;
That would my every fault condone—
My every virtue more than own;
For though I know my own poor heart is weak
as weak can be,
Yet I would die if one I love were ever false to
me.

Forgive! why should I ask, and why
Expect to gain for such as I
The boon that I would fain withhold?
Why Trust with untrue arms enfold?
For though I know my troubled heart is weak
as weak can be,
Yet I would die if one I love were ever false to
me.

Christmas Everywhere

I KNOW 'tis Christmas where I hear
The hallowed peal of bells,
That in an anthem loud and clear
Its joyous story tells;
But is it Christmas where the sound
Of wailing in the wood
Tells leafless trees and barren ground
A tale of solitude?

I know 'tis Christmas where the throng
Have gathered, glad and free,
To celebrate the time in song
And unchecked revelry;
But is it Christmas where apart
The shivering outcast weeps,
Or where alone the widowed heart
Its silent vigil keeps?

Christmas Everywhere

I know, where Health and Plenty dwell
Amid their bounteous cheer,
Peace and Good-will the stories tell
Of Christmas all the year;
But, where grim Want and gnawing Pain
Have made their mournful home—
Where Death and Melancholy reign,
Does Christmas ever come?

I look to Him who loved the weak
And suffering of our kind,
Who gave the dumb the power to speak
And vision to the blind;
I watch His humble journeying—
I hear His words of peace,
That wither up Death's dreaded sting
And bid our sorrows cease.

I know that He whose lowly birth
We celebrate to-day,
Loved more the sorrowing of the earth
Than those whose hearts were gay;
But He, the friend of her of Nain,
Who humble joys increased,
Used not His cheering power in vain
At Cana's marriage feast.



"A merry, merry Christmas still—
'Tis Christmas everywhere!"



Christmas Everywhere

And so I feel that Christmas sends
Its message far and near,
And to the lives of all men lends
A balm of blessed cheer.
Then let the spirit of good-will
In fervent wish declare—
A merry, merry Christmas still:
'Tis Christmas everywhere!

The Merriest Christmas to You

I WANT to wish you the merriest time
That ever anyone had,
And no one could happier be than you
If wishes could make you glad.
If you were a girl or a boy to-day,
And Santa Claus came with his pack,
And you wanted all the toys in the world,
There is nothing that you should lack.
If you were a maiden of eighteen years
Or a youth of twenty-two,
And a Prince or a Princess should be your dream,
I'd make that dream come true.
The prettiest scenes of every land
Should pass in view before you,
And the love you should feel, you have never felt
Since you lay on the lap that bore you.

I want you to realize this day
Commemorates the birth
Of the Prince of Peace who was sent to bring
God's message of joy to earth;

The Merriest Christmas to You

And I want you to read that message now,
And learn what its words convey,
In the light of the men of these later times,
With the knowledge of to-day;
For not since the Star of Bethlehem
Became the wise men's guide,
Was ever known in all the world
A happier Christmas-tide!
Rejoice in the realm of childhood's faith,
Ere the spirit of doubting knew you:
Peace and Good-will—Good-will and Peace,
And the Merriest Christmas to you!

Old-Time Christmas

WHEN we were young and every heart was warm
With love that far outshone the light of reason,
December days were freighted with a charm
That carried tokens of the Christmas season.

Jack Frost, who came the barren earth to chill,
The sleds and skates and snow-shoes animated,
While storm-doors swung on hinges of good-will
And longing latch-strings neighbors' hands
awaited.

Our hearts would thrill at the old fabled names
Of Mother Goose, or Bluebeard, or Jack
Horner,
And babe and grand-dad mingle in the games
Of Blind Man's Buff or Pussy Wants a Corner.

Old-Time Christmas

To watch the team that jogged with lagging stride
Would set the fleet-foot reindeer bells a-ringing,
And winds that whispered down the chimney
wide
Would tell of gifts that Santa Claus was
bringing.

Awake! sweet Memory of Long Ago!
Renew the scenes our youthful souls delighted!
We'll bow again beneath the mistletoe,
And let our hearts to Love be ever plighted!

May peace and good-will all your paths sur-
round,
May all the fortunes of good luck pursue you!
Within your homes may happiness abound,
A MERRY CHRISTMAS OF THE OLD-TIME TO
YOU!

Faith

THEY tell me that the earth is round,
And not the plain it seems to be;
The sky rests not upon the ground,
But spreads in grand immensity.
I only know yon woods and hills
And this old orchard by our home,
The village road, the meadow rills,
And over these a vaulted dome.

They tell me that the ocean deep
Is surging 'round earth's farthest shore,
And that the rills and rivers creep
Forever on to meet its roar;
I only know He guides yon rill
To meet, it may be, the broad sea,
Who gave the magic "Peace, be still!"
That calmed the waves of Galilee.

Faith

They tell me that the future veils
 Grave mysteries from you and me,
And that the sin of Eve entails
 God's vengeance through eternity:
I only know conflicting creeds
 Contending men have striven to prove;
God knows our nature and our needs,
 And I believe that God is Love.

Bobbie's Soliloquy

"WHEN I was a boy," Old Joe will say,
"I liked my work as you like play:
I'd never whine—I'd never cry—
I'd never cheat—I'd never lie."
And this, to me, all seems abuse
That makes me feel that I'm no use—
And never can expect to be
As big, as old, or as good as he;
For I have learned such naughty ways,
Boys didn't know in the "good old days."

But when I think about Old Joe—
My father's serving-man—I know
That there are lots and lots of men
Can do things that he never can:
So I suppose his perfect past
Must have been far too good to last.
Sad to relate, it is the truth,
His wisdom was all used in youth.
I don't think he's much of a man, although
He must have been quite a boy—Old Joe.

A Foolish Girl

SIR ARTHUR, in condescending tone,
Has tendered the love of his life,
And promised that he
Devoted will be,
If I will become his wife.
But I long for one who is lost and gone
(Our friendship I cannot forget),
And though they have said
They believe he is dead,
I foolishly love him yet.

He gave me a rose, and I felt that he gave
A heart that was tender and true;
He 'wakened a love
That enduring will prove,
Yet a love that he never knew.
They tell me Sir Arthur is bold and brave
As my Fred, and as noble as he;
But the first who came
Has a stronger claim
On a foolish girl like me.

A Foolish Girl

A letter this morning came to state
That homeward he's wending his way;
And my Fred has appealed
To the love I concealed,
And he's coming to me to-day.

I know that Sir Arthur is good and great,
And wealthier far than he;
But the first who came
Has a stronger claim
On a foolish girl like me.

The Same Old Way

This is a very funny world,
Where everyone seems prone
To criticize our weaknesses
And overlook his own.
For you and I are "just the thing,"
In spite of all they say,
And we're going to go on living
The same old way.

We're not the least bit bigoted,
But condone the lack of sense
In those of other sects than ours,
Whose worship is pretence.
We listen to our minister,
And for his service pay,
And then we go on sinning
The same old way.

The Same Old Way

We scorn the name of partisan,
And wish it understood
We'd help o'erthrow a government,
But for the country's good.
Then we elect to office
Men who should have the say,
But whom we soon find running things
The same old way.

We pronounce the vain conventions
Of society a curse,
And declare the age's fawning
Could surely not be worse;
We worship an iconoclast,
Condemn our friends' eclat,
Then follow fads and fashions
The same old way.

We would grow unto perfection,
And at New Year's turn a leaf,
The newness and the cleanliness
Of which is very brief.
We profess to love our neighbors,
And for charity we pray,
Then trample on our fellows
The same old way.

The Same Old Way

Of course we never make mistakes,
Or own it if we do;
And perhaps we'll go on blundering
Our whole life through.
For we dream that we are perfect,
In spite of all they say;
And we're going to go on doing things
The same old way.

A Maid Who Was Flirting with Me

Her lips were as red as a cherry,

Her eyes were as blue as the sea,

Her form was as lithe as a fairy—

A maid who was flirting with me.

She coyly encouraged advances,

And held what I loved was most dear;

She doted upon the new dances,

And told me, because I was near.

She was flirting with me, she was flirting with
me:

This maiden was flirting with me.

I felt that I knew that her heart must be true,

But I found she was flirting with me.

She sang me the songs of the season,

And I hung on the love in their words;

She'd quite run away with my reason;

Her voice was as sweet as a bird's.

2. Maid Who was Flirting with Me

I asked this fair maiden to marry.

She answered: "That never would do.
Did you think I was serious, Harry?

I only was flirting with you."
She was flirting with me, she was flirting with
me:

This maiden was flirting with me.
I felt that I knew that her heart must be true,
But I found she was flirting with me.

I held her soft hand—the deceiver—
And told her this world I would roam;
That though it meant death I must leave her,
And wander from country and home.
And then my fair Maggie relented—
The dear little, coy little elf;
She said she her flirting repented,
She'd just been deceiving herself
While flirting with me, while flirting with me:
She thought she'd been flirting with me.
But her flirting is past: I have won her at last,
My Maggie who flirted with me.

Love's Secret

THERE'S a dainty little damsel
Who is all the world to me.
She is cute and she is pretty,
She is sweet as sweet can be:
And though she never told me,
Yet, as by some magic spell
I have learned her little story
That no human tongue can tell.

By the tremor of her voice
She has made my heart rejoice,
Not the purport of her accents sweet and low.
By the pressure of her hand,
She has made me understand
We've a secret no one else shall ever know.

All my waking thoughts are of her,
And I dream of her by night.
In her absence there is darkness,
In her presence there is light:

Love's Secret

While the mystic magic thrills me
From her dainty finger-tips,
There is wild intoxication
In the nectar of her lips.

And the wealth of love that lies
In the lustre of her eyes,
All the language in the world can never show.
By the pressure of her hand
She has made me understand
We've a secret no one else shall ever know.

Eventide

I sit and rock in the shadows gray
As the darkness spreads o'er the dying day,
And I list'n the voice of my Floyven fair
Speak the words of age with a childlike air;
And I long to live in the constancy
Of this little girl who believes in me.

I turn from a world of doubt and sin,
And I dare not look my own heart within;
I cuddle my bairn closer up to my breast,
As she falls asleep in a perfect rest;
And I pray for the faith and the constancy
Of this little girl who believes in me.

The Lake's Story

I SLOWLY saunter at close of day
As the deepening shadows of night come on,
And I hear a voice from the mournful bay
That tells of a dear one dead and gone.
I gaze on the deep that covers o'er
With splash of wave
A watery grave;
While the lake is lapping its shingled shore.

I see in the clouds a timid star—
On the rippling waves a fearless boat;
And the voices of lovers seem to jar
On the quiet air as they onward float;
And Madeline rows with a mirthful oar;
Heeding not the sleep
In the watery deep;
While the lake is lapping its shingled shore.

The Lake's Story

The moon may be shedding a silvery ray
On others' visions, from out its cloud;
To me it is doling a storied lay
That saddest mem'ries enshroud,
Of the life that to love will return no more.
Night's solitude
Brings this lonesome mood;
While the lake is lapping its shingled shore.

Innocence

HAVE you ever guessed
How this world is blest
And redeemed from its sins, forsooth,
By the happy dreams
That shed their beams
From the smiling face of youth,
Ere the wise old world
Has its wisdom hurled
O'er the simple path of Truth?

A mild surprise
In the laughing eyes
Of a smile so pure and free,
Showed never a thought
Of the dream it brought
To the lustful soul of me;
And my spirit shrank
From the nectar drank
In that cup of purity.

Innocence

Subdued I felt,
As I meekly knelt
At that holiest altar throne;
And in that hour
I prayed for power,
To my sordid soul unknown,
To worship Truth
In the heart of youth,
E it has to wisdom grown.

Robert Elliott

Died December 19th, 1902.

'TWAS Robert's joy to be the herald
 (With pleasing fancy fraught)
 Of tributes just and true;
He asked no homage of the world—
 And so the world forgot
 That homage was his due.

He filled the thicket and the glen
 With flames of scarlet fire,
 And glory gave to gloom:
He cheered the weary hearts of men
 With sweet consoling lyre,
 O'er many a cheerless tomb.

A world bowed down, with vision dim,
 Soul-filled with grief and love,
 Should weave with saintly care
A garland for the brow of him
 Who many garlands wove,
 Yet deemed his own brow bare.

To E. Pauline Johnson

I HAVE read with a warmth of feeling,
In lines from your favored pen,
Of the virtue of Indian women,
Of the valor of Indian men.

I have heard your accents ringing
In clear, indignant tone,
Reciting the wrongs to your people
By a stronger race than your own.

And I grieve that for the injured
A balm may not be found,
Till they're healed by the Great Physician
In the Happy Hunting-ground.

But I thank you, Mohawk Priestess,
For your fervor, soul-express'd;
For your rage against oppression,
For your love for the oppress'd.

And I pray that the persecutions
Of earth may righted be
By a perfect compensation
In the vast eternity.

Our Habitant Brother

Addressed to Dr. W. H. Drummond.

BATEESE, and the Habitant Farmer, and the Curé
of Calumet,
And the Voyageur on the River! are you telling
us of them yet?
Or is it only an echo that comes to me here,
apart?
Your voice or an echo—forever they are dwelling
within my heart;
And as long as the great Laurentians send their
waters to the sea,
As long as the winds kiss the maple, or the birds
sing in the tree,
Will a warmer love awaken towards him, con-
tentment-blest,
In the bosom of his brother who is toiling in the
West.

Our Habitant Brother

We may have come from Britain, he may have
come from France,
And perchance the fathers of both of us once
carried a Norman lance.
We fought together in Egypt, and down on the
Transvaal veldt;
What matters the stock we came of—Saxon,
Norman or Celt?
So long as we know he is faithful, and just as
devoted as we,
We will grasp his hand and press it here in the
land of the free,
And we'll give our neighbor brother a hearty clap
on the back,—
We who were born beneath the flag; for he's
stood by the Union Jack.

If somebody heard of a murmur and pictured a
separate aim,
Let us fairly face the question; were we not our-
selves to blame?
And shouldn't he love the early words that over
his cradle were sung?
As little as you or I can do is to honor his
mother-tongue.

Our Habitant Brother

Then let us thank you, Drummond, for making
his nature known :
If we learned to honor him for your sake, we will
love him for his own.
And knowing that he is with us in peace or in
war we wage,
We'll work or we'll fight together for our noble
heritage.

Bateese, and the Habitant Farmer, and the Curé
of Calumet,
And the Voyageur on the River! are you telling
us of them yet?
It is not the voice of the poet, rendering 'ne
upon line,
But the very soul of the human, breathed on by
spirit of thine.
The eyes of a world inviting the homes of a race
to view,
Where the hearts are kind and gentle, noble and
fond and true;
Bidding the Celt and the Saxon the hand of the
Norman take
In a warm, fraternal greeting for the great
Dominion's sake.

Wah-Dah-Keh

(THE PLACE OF THE MAPLES.)

To C. R. Somerville.

I LOVE the grove with spreading maples, watching
Where Huron's waters toss and foam and roar,
Or, lulled and soothed in the soft, wind-still
gloaming,
With gentle ripple lap the shingled shore.

I love the nooks where tender vines are clasping
In fond embrace the sheltered sylvan bowers,
And April's balmy breath is coyly lurking
To cool the fevered brow in Summer hours.

I greet the sun in the clear air of morning,
When cock crows answer echoes of life's spring,
And the gay matins of the early warblers
With sweetest tones of childhood's music ring.

Wah-Dah-Keh

I rest secure from noontide's sultry weather—
I watch the glory of the evening skies—
I gaze upon the shimmering, moonlit billows,
And feel my lot the wealth of courts defies.

And yet the sweetest charm of all the landscape,
That bids each impulse of my heart rejoice,
Is not in wind or wave, in hill or woodland,
Nor in the early warbler's tuneful voice.

'Tis not that balmy breezes may have fanned me,
Not that these hills and vales are passing fair;
But every bower and alcove has been hallowed
Because the friends I love have lingered there.

And whether Springtime spread her verdant
mantle
To shelter idlers of a Summer's day,
Or whether shroud be wrapt by hand of Autumn,
Or Winter's fleecy robes about me lay,

Unto those haunts that gracious Fate has favored
The happiness of bygone hours to prove,
My heart will turn while memory may cherish
The sweets of friendship or the joys of love.

To Canada

FROM the boundless prairies that wave in the
West,

To the East where the morning first beams,
The same love for Canada beats in each breast,
While the same honored flag o'er us streams.

Where Columbia's grand Winter-capped summits
arise

And tower o'er canyoned cascades,
The children as dearly their heritage prize
As they of Acadian glades.

From the Ocean of Strength to the Ocean of
Peace,

From the Lakes to the Northern Sea—
Through thy length and thy breadth shall
devotion increase:
To Canada loyal are we.

To Canada

And though "Peace" be our watchword, should
 menace provoke,
 United we'll stand by the land
Whose forests have fallen a prey to the stroke
 Of the pioneer home-winner's hand.

Our Home that once welcomed the Loyalists
 brave,
 And found heroes when danger was nigh,—
May learn that across every patriot's grave
 Another stands ready to die.

Canada, Her Hope and Pride

(Written in response to an invitation from the Canadian Manufacturers Association on the occasion of their visit to Great Britain in 1905.)

WE may be proud of Canada. Who isn't of his
home?
We're glad to sing the praises of the land from
which we come,
But we had very nigh forgot, amid this festive
cheer,
That we had left our native land, and dreamed
our home was here.
But now you've set us thinking, a haze comes
o'er the view,
And we strain our eyes with longing look across
the briny blue,
And see again that little place that no commer-
cial worth
Can value; for to us it is the dearest spot on
earth.

Canada, Her Hope and Pride

There, from our home, a landscape is spreading
far and wide—
Sunrise upon its western peaks and in the east
noontide—
Inviting brush of painter, commanding poet's
pen,
To paint and picture beauties of mountain or of
glen,
Ravine and rushing torrent, calm lake and
verdant wood,
The hum and roar of city or rural solitude;
Vineyard and orchard, fruitful farm or mineral
mountain gorge,
The hearths of homes or chimneys tall of factory
and of forge;
And plains where hopeful millions of home-
seekers may still
Find welcome, and of fertile fields broad acres
yet to till;
Great speeding iron horses that faint not with
the weight
Of carrying a thousand leagues the burden of
their freight;
And in the offing laden barge and massive
argosies
That search the world for markets for our teem-
ing industries.

Canada, Her Hope and Pride

We would be proud of Canada though she had
known no past;
And though Dame Fate no horoscope upon her
future cast.
Though we were simple farmer folk without
acknowledged place,
And artisans and tradesmen of some ignoble race,
We still would feel a glory in the record standing
forth—
The annals of that youthful land of true-men of
the North.
But we were born of British stock—are kith and
kin to those
By whose brain and nerve and muscle the British
, Empire rose;
Then need we for incentive to inspire us to claim
Title-deeds to ancient honour—legacies of lasting
fame?
Holding rank that riches, boundless in them-
selves, cannot possess,
We may boast of something better than material
success.
There was Jewish blood in Nazareth—(view not
history askance),
London is not all of England—Paris is not all
of France—

Canada, Her Hope and Pride

And when Britain realizes that the blood of every
part
Of the body is as pure as that which surges
through the heart—
When her statesmen scorn traditions that as
stumbling-blocks have stood,
And will frame their legislation for a world-wide
Empire's good,
She will meet her distant subjects—noble, loyal,
true and tried,
And will know our fair Dominion—Canada—her
hope and pride.

Lines on the Death of Queen Victoria

O QUEEN! the monarch widely great—
O Queen! the woman and the wife—
Emblem of Good in home and state:
Could death o'ertake so grand a life?
A nation weeps—the world is bowed:
And sympathy binds land to land;
And Britons, prosperous and proud,
Reach each to each a kindlier hand.

Thy subjects feel a common thrill
At Triumph's shouts, at Envy's breath;
And feel but one pulsation still—
Thy power could not pass with death.
Howe'er the Empire Fate expand,
Fruit of thy love will not be vain;
Briton shall grasp a Briton's hand
In kindlier kinship for thy reign.

Sincerity

AND have you felt that friends are few—
That faithful friends are few indeed,
And those who are both just and true
Are treasures in your hour of need?

It may be that some others know
The selfsame thoughts that you oppress,
And are by deeds of yours brought low
In hours of dullest loneliness.

If there be those for whom you yearn,
Whose constancy you strive to prove,
Suppress suspicion while you learn
To gain, by giving, simple love.

If you aspire to be a true,
A genuine and sparkling gem,
Whatever others are to you,
Be faithful, just and true to them.

When I was a Boy on the Farm

WHEN I was a boy on the farm I had friends
Who were loyal and just to me,
And using no cunning for personal ends,
From pride and deception were free.
There were neighbors a-plenty with welcoming
look,
With hearts that were open and warm,
Who always had room round the old chimney
nook,
When I was a boy on the farm.

Since I was a boy on the farm I have learned
Some lessons of life, to be sure,
But many a time has my aching heart yearned
A few faithful friends to procure,
Who were simple and honest and sweetly content,
Who would never wish anyone harm,
Nor exhibit an envious, selfish intent,—
Since I was a boy on the farm.

When I was a Boy on the Farm

If I were a man on the farm, I believe
The ideal that my heart would pursue
Would be a few friends that my love would
receive,
Who would own that to them I was true;
And whatever their conduct, consistently I
Would weather life's sunshine or storm,
And to cherish a faith in Humanity try,—
If I were a man on the farm.

If you are a farmer, a man or a boy,
Or bred in the busy town,
Do you think you are getting the greatest joy
In constantly seeking your own?
Believe me that pleasure in life depends
On the faith you keep cheery and warm,
And not on the duty to you of friends
In the city or on the farm.

To Mother

On the occasion of an "At Home," given on the 80th Anniversary of her Birthday, to her children and grandchildren, Feb. 6th, 1900.

WE congratulate thee, mother—
Not for length of days, but best
Of attainments—that thy sons' sons
Have grown up to call thee blest:

And, though clouds have often lowered
O'er thy sky, as daughter, wife,
And through widowed desolation
(Dark'ning all the hopes of life)—

That a gracious God hath led thee
(His parental care to prove)
Through the pastures green of Plenty,
By the shores of Peace and Love.

To Mother

He hath crowned thy days with sweetness
That pervades our hopes and fears,
And thy life will live in ours
Through the misty vale of years.

We would learn in life's great battle
Worldlier motives to reject,
And to find success in gaining
Thine approval and respect.

It shall be our bounden duty
Baser thoughts and deeds to scorn,
And to hold thy sainted mem'ry
Up to progeny unborn.

We shall point our children's children
To the path that thou hast trod;
Teach them wisdom from thy lessons—
Teach them worship of thy God.

Consequence of thine example,
Issue of thy precepts be,
As the savor of thy virtue
Felt through all eternity.

Recognition

A POET worked in a farmer's field,
And the crop was only a plowman's yield;
Nor plow, nor horses, nor furrow guessed
The soul that the workingman possessed.

A poet toiled in the crowded mart,
And the merchants knew not his secret heart;
And though he toiled with a zeal intense
Cold Commerce failed of a recompense.

A poet had never penned a line,
Yet his soul was filled with a love divine;
And over his grave in the tears they shed,
The songs of a broken heart were read.

Beyond

THERE'S an inspiration in the pale moonlight
When the stealthy shadows steal among the
trees,
And the spirit of contentment comes and
whispers in the night
Sweet, compelling messages of ease.

There's a gleam of glory past the sunset of our
day
That the eye of Faith, with loving look and
fond,
May cherish when the clouds have rolled away,
And it gazes at the grandeur that's beyond.

There's assurance for the future in the present
and the past
That the Father's favor ever is our own,
And the love that lit our morning and that
shineth now will last,
And be with us when the day is done.

Mr Tom

If you and I were all alone,
And no one else were near,
And we were just each other's own,
Would you be happy, dear?

Though other friends may claim your care
And seek your sympathy,
I know that no one else can share
Your loyal love for me.

And if with jealous thought you yearn
O'er kindly deeds I do,
Your little heart will never learn
The love I feel for you.

I do believe 'tis better, dear,
That we are not alone,
For in the midst of friends sincere
We're more each other's own.

My Triune Self

I DREAMED last night I saw a play,
With actors only three—
The man I seem, and the man I am,
And the man I would like to be;
And all the people that ever knew me,
And all that ever I knew,
Were gathered with me in my dream,
This play of life to view.

The man I am, as a figure-head,
Was dwarfed and of shrinking soul;
While he I seem, with bold affront,
Was playing the leading role:
The man I would be seldom spoke,
The audience to engage;
But his mien was grand, and I hoped that he
Might act on a worthier stage.

It may be that the story strange,
With light and heavy parts,
Would raise the curtain on the scenes
Of a million human hearts.

My True Self

I breathed a prayer that He who gave
Life to this motley three
Might lead the man I am to learn
Of him whom I would be.

And longings wakened in my breast,
While the man I seem went on,
That the actors of the dialogue
Might dwindle into one;
And down the twisting aisles of time
The prospect led my eyes,
With hope that at some point I might
This longing realize.

Hope died! Before th' indifferent gaze—
Save of some faithful friends—
The great drop curtain slowly fell
Where the drama of living ends;
And I, waking, wondered that all I knew,
And all that ever knew me,
Should know no more of the man I am,
Or the man I would like to be.

We and They

We've a baby full of grace—
 Little Ray,
They've another at the place
 O'er the way,
And though they have coffers swelling,
And a home that shades our dwelling,
Still the selfsame hopes are welling
 In our hearts as theirs to-day.

They have known a cause for grief,
 O'er the way,
Weeping, praying for relief,
 Day by day.
We have heard the same bell tolling,
Felt the loss all life controlling,
And the selfsame Power consoling
 Our grief-stricken hearts as they.

Me and They

In our garden blooms the wee
Forget-me-not,
They have gay anemone
In their plot.
Green the grass by each home growing,
Sweet the fragrant breezes blowing,
Bright the golden sun is glowing
O'er the castle and the cot.

A Village Night

THE blinds are down in Innisfail;
Yet lights from windows show
Where hearths with gossip, song, or tale,
Keep Friendship's fires aglow.

And here a home with mirthful feet
And waltzing strain is glad,
While yonder dimly-lit retreat
Shelters a soul that's sad.

Fond memories the hamlet shroud
With romances, that stand
Like monumental records proud
Of a city old and grand.

The One Thing I Want

I DON'T care if nobody loves me
Of the people I seldom meet:
I seek not applause or favor
Of the rabble who throng the street:
But I long for the hearty handshake
And the sweet, approving smile
Of the friend I deem worth having,
Who thinks that I'm worth while.

I don't care if he is ungrateful,
Whom I've counted not my friend—
His sneer, his slight or indifference
Can never my soul offend.
But the person I felt had loved me,
Whom I'd cherished in my heart,
It is cruel and hard if he wrong me
And rend our spirits apart.

The One Thing I Want

Though some person misunderstood me
And, failing my motive to see,
Should drift in or out of my pathway,
It surely is nothing to me.
But there's one thing—if every acquaintance
Deceitful and faithless should prove:
If even my dear ones neglect me—
I want to be worthy of love.

How Can You Tell?

A MAIDEN blew the petals of a daisy in the air;
The omen told of treachery, but she would not
despair.

She questioned her misgivings—she felt he must
be true.

“How can you tell if one you love as dearly
loveth you?”

They vaguely spoke of villainy and told her of
deceit,

They hinted at unlawful things that saints may
not repeat;

Yet trusting as she loved him, she felt he would
be true.

“How can you tell if one you love as dearly
loveth you?”



"How can you tell if one you love as
dearly loveth you?"



How Can You Tell?

To listen not to Slander's tongue—all omens ill
reject;

To know that love alone brings love—respect
begets respect;

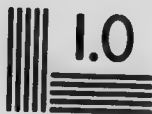
To trust him as you love him—to know he will
be true:

That's how you tell if one you love as dearly
loveth you.



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A Pot of Gold

ONE eve I strolled in sunset's gold
When the rain had ceased to fall,
And the cloud's bright bow, with brilliant glow,
Had crowned the treetops tall.
Within a glade I met a maid:
"And are you lost, pray tell?"
She looked and smiled, the happy child,
"Oh! no, indeed," said Nell:
"I'm on my way to where they say
A treasure may be found;
'Tis over there, where the hills are bare,
And the rainbow touches ground.
The story of the rainbow's gold they tell me is
quite true,
And papa says with money there is nothing you
can't do.
So I'll hire a big policeman to scare the ghosts
away,



" 'Tis over there, where the hills are bare,
And the rainbow touches ground."

A Pot of Gold

I'll buy the world another sun to change the
 night to day;
I'll turn winter into summer and have snow that
 isn't cold;
I guess I'll make folks happy when I get the
 Pot of Gold!"

I tried to tell this little Nell
 Her errand would be vain;
She only smiled, the careless child
 Allowed me to explain;
Then shook her head at what I said,
 And on her quest would go;
For she'd been told of a Pot of Gold
 At the foot of the bright rainbow.
Full many a day has passed away;
 Yet from the woodland wild
I seem to hear, still echoing clear,
 The accents of the child:
"The story of the rainbow's gold they tell me
 is quite true,
And papa says with money there is nothing you
 can't do.
So I'll hire a big policeman to scare the ghosts
 away;

A Pot of Gold

I'll buy the world another sun to change the
night to day;
I'll turn winter into summer and have snow that
isn't cold;
I guess I'll make folks happy when I get the
Pot of Gold!"

At the Funeral of a Playfellow of Childhood

We buried a robin when I was a boy,
In the shade of a great elm tree,
And a deluge of sorrow swept over the joy
Of my little companion and me.
And now when I think of that day of first grief,
I feel the same sense of despair
That I felt when no solace could render relief,
When the presence of Death was there.

Some cruel old huntsman had maimed the poor
thing

That was crying, perchance, for the breath
Of its liberty sweet, while we bandaged its wing,
And anxiously nursed it to death.
And to-day, at yon grave, with my head bare and
bowed,

My heart bled as the "dust to dust" fell;
And I thought of the 'kerchief that served for a
shroud,

Of a matchbox, a coffin shell.

At the Funeral of a Playfellow of Childhood

When the sun used to come where the trees and
sky meet,
And awaken the birds from their rest,
When he used to sink down at the end of the
street
That went sloping away to the west—
In those days when as playmates we buried
that bird,
Our lives seemed a road without end;
But I'm weeping to-day while those mem'ries
are stirred
At the grave of that same old friend.

I'd Like to Now

A Character Recitation.

My Pa, he wanted me to stay
And help him work the farm;
My Ma, she said the city's ways
Would surely lead to harm.
They told me that the best of men
Were they who drove the plow,
And I—I wouldn't stay with them;
But I'd like to now.

I had a girl—and would have yet—
(A maiden fair and plump),
But a fellow said, one night we met,
"Don't bother with that chump."
I said I thought he had a "neck,"
And he hit me in the row,
And I—I didn't hit him back;
But I'd like to now.

I'd Like to Now

One evening since I called upon
A pretty girl I know,
Her mother left us all alone,
I said I'd better go.
She coaxed, "Now, Willie, don't, I pray;
You are real mean, I vow."
And I—I didn't—didn't stay;
But I'd like to now.

Another night I held her hand—
At least 'twas she held mine—
We were hidden by a peanut stand.
(The evening it was fine!)
She asked me if I'd miss her
If my calls she'd not allow,
And I—I didn't kiss her;
But I'd like to now.

Approbation

SHE had striven with noble effort—
And often the struggle seemed vain—
The tones that her teacher taught her,
And the soul of his songs to gain,
Till the fruit of her toil was tested
By the taste of a motley throng,
Who gave their appreciation
To this dutiful daughter of song;
But the wildest applause was wasted
(A triumph, indeed, to have won)
In a quiet and honest handshake,
And the Master's own "Well done!"

You

Our paths may part
As we come and go,
Yet the loyal heart
Will no changes know.
And though afar
My footsteps roam,
My guiding star
Is the light of home.
And meeting many or meeting few,
I talk with others, but think of you.

The things attained
By my efforts prove
The power gained
By the strength of love;
And friends may go,
Or friends may come,
But they little know
Where the heart may roam;
And talking with others the whole day through,
In the depth of slumber I dream of you.

You

The morning light
And the evening glow
Are beaming bright
With the gleam I know
That's shining free
From the love-lit eye
That smiled for me
As you said good-bye,
And makes me know that your heart is true,
As I smile on others, yet love but you.

The Baby

BRIGHT-EYED Bessie, in the summer,
Tired with play sought mamma's knee,
While the mother's busy fingers
Plied her needle ceaselessly.
"Mamma," lisping accents pleaded,
"On 'oor knee I 'aunts to det;
'Ont 'oo take 'oor 'ittle Bessie?
'Ont 'oo love 'oor 'ittle pet?"
Mamma's work 'as quickly vanished,
And her arm's encircling sweep
Clasps her baby to her bosom,
As she rocks her child asleep.

When the autumn leaves were dying,
Bessie's mamma faded, too.
"Mamma, is 'oo do'n to Heaven?
'Ont 'oo take 'oor pet 'ive 'oo?"
Mamma heard the child's appealing,
As in Death's embrace she strove;
But the sounds of earth were hushèd
With her baby's cry for love.
"'Ont 'oo love 'oor 'ittle Bessie?"
O'er her grave is echoing still;
And the baby feels that somehow,
Sometime, somewhere, mamma will.

Kagawong

On Manitoulin Island, midway between Little Current and Gore Bay, is situated Kagawong Lake, a body of water several miles in area, two hundred feet above the level of Georgian Bay. Its waters are exceptionally calm, and its outlet, Kagawong River, runs nearly a mile without any decline. In fact, the bed of this river seems to rise until it reaches the top of a precipice over which it suddenly plunges a depth of a hundred and forty feet, throwing its spray on beautiful ledges of moss and fern, and producing one of the most beautiful of Canadian cataracts. The waters rush rapidly below the falls, descending another sixty feet in a mile between precipitous banks, over a hundred feet high on either side, and empty into the beautifully protected bay on which is situated the little village of Kagawong.

CALM are the waters of Kagawong Lake;
Its river moves silent and slow:
And never a sign does the surface make
Of a turbulent tide below.
But surging strong,
It sweeps along
Towards its beautiful bay-made home;
Till with rush and roar
Its waters pour
Into the bubbling foam.

Kagawong

From the foot of the falls the current has sped
Through ages no tongue can tell.
It has graven its gorge—it has worn its bed—
As a tortured soul, its hell.

With eddying swirls
It tosses and whirls,
As it splashes and rushes away;
Till the rocks are past,
And it rests at last
In the calm of Kagawong Bay.



"With eddying swirls
It tosses and whirls,
As it splashes and rushes away."

Transition

I SAT and watched the children in their happy
hour of play;
The boy so like his grandfather, who long had
passed away—
His sister favoring, they say, an aunt she never
knew,
Yet in whose form and visage the very image
grew.
A spider spun its cobweb where the maple shade
was cast,
As I painted sombre pictures from the palette
of the past.

A deed, a mortgage, in a drawer, where relics
had been stored--
The story of some vested rights and struggles
yet afford;
And letters there of sentiment still tell the early
love
Of her whose simple faithfulness the years have
passed to prove;
But, bless me, I am weeping, because the hand
at last
That penned the lines has left them but a record
of the past.

Transition

I wondered if the father of my boy's grandfather
felt
The hopes and fears that battled in my breast
when last I knelt
And struggled with the longings I could not ask
Heaven to bless,
As I planned my bairnie's future, 'mid the glory
of success,
And shuddered at the tarnish worldly gold and
gear may give,
In the pathway men have honored, in the life
that he might live.

In my heart I asked the question, Will you tell
me, babies mine,
What in you will be transmitted from the old
ancestral line?
Will the virtue and the honor of your humble
sires assuage
All the feverish ambition of a mad and restless
age?
Or will but the form and feature tell the tale
in future years
Of the sturdy, honest efforts of a nation's
pioneers?

